



ASHLEY







And so we gaze upon the beautiful countenance and delightfully undulating curves of that 20-year-old lovely, Ashley, here pictured displaying herself in all manner of beguiling and enticing poses across our pages, and what, fellow males of this land, do we think? Hopefully, we are above the base sub-Mendocino cravings inspired by the literary endeavours of our lesser competitors q v horny little Ashley loves taking on those guys at once - huzzah, huzzah! - etc. etc. No, we're above such demeaning tat, recognizing at once that, by having her subtly-clad and subtly-alluring caricatures, the *Harper Mc* (22-23-24) is, in fact, making a rather major contribution to global peace and unity. After all, having studied at length these subtly-contrived pictures of the base in question, only a complete nutcase would want to go out and stuff up some poor trigger outside the pub, thus proving once again that you can depend on your *Men*. Only to bring tranquility, enlightenment and good harm to one and all. (Has he been at those magazines again? - Ed.) **17**

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BLOWING THE GAFF

Holly groaned as Wayne's long fingers played with her through the thin panties, and then gasped as she looked up and saw in the mirror his immense-looking hard-on. Fiction by Hugh Corinna.



Barbara Bushland sneaked her well-built body through the Globe's office windows; her actor's inner savagery. She showed us her secret: a single, long, green rubber band cut off a loop on the end is cheap.

Bronde was the Globe's top political reporter, and she swept into the office of her editor, Cyril Lunn, without knocking. When the solid door had clunked shut behind her, the young, unadorned woman

to Jimmy. The officer seemed
willing to comment
modestly on Miss Gwendolyn's
high-handed manner. But
Jimmy had taken a certain
bite for lunch too. And was
now, peeping at Gwendolyn and
out of his mouth in his
suggestion a manner that the
lady's complexion blushed to
red.

Inside the soldier's office, Ender approached Luss's desk, but hands above her head told him that her help wouldn't be needed.

with string, as she used the rubber band to fasten back her thick curly red hair. She asked "here's the Wayne Connolly that pump?"

But Cyril Lunt failed and in his effort was flung man and the weight of Brenda's advanced friends fell, now instantly unbuttoning her blouse, got her hand in a hurry. Swearing he left her alone, he gestured impatiently for her to get on the floor in front of Brenda, her spot, simple breasts wondrous following line of her curves, blouse and transposing breasts, curves, round the desk and with a sigh, hitched up her right skirt and dropped to her knees, in front of his chair.

The editor had unfinished business, and now the rock-like shape of his ornamented pants uncoiled to fall crumpled from his feet like a snake rising out of an underground city. Shopping a single glance up at him, slowly Brenda lowered her glossy lips over the lead to all his price and began to work again.

The rubber-band holding her hair back slipped. Cyril looking down, he saw snips like a tail of her gobbling him. It was blow jobs like this after all, which had been a prime element of Raymond's ritual sex to the top of the Globe.

Misses: in the outer office a dark slim strikingly pretty gal with a short curly haircut came to a table in the reception desk. She was Holly Miller, a nursing student major and a woman in a hurry.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mower," the re-appeared told her. "He's with Miss Burnford and he told me (for a price) to be disturbed."

"Well, I'm told you to be here now," said Holly, smiling sweetly to catch Jimmy the junior's knowing grin. "Rubber band?" she asked, and when Jimmy nodded, together they chorused in Brenda's shrilly tones: "The woman who gives band-aid, not a band!"

They: "How do you like my hair this way?" They've got it neat, video by e-mail. Photoshop software that lets you draw different styles on your face on the screen to see what they look like before you go for it.

He had like a hole for me! Jimmy smiled. Bands should be it," he added suddenly. "She needs a new face, and I might save an outer band to make the editor's office."

Harry was the last thing on anyone's mind. Cyril Lunt, his boss, arrived. Feet panted right in the leather chair as the room was full of Grande's slowly bobbing lips, plus her hands slipping and fumbling two (and one) balls brought him to the edge.

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112

squinting as she was. Exercise was keeping her own situation in perspective with her friend.

As her brother finally let out a strangled cry and she felt his strength ebb, she gave a last suck and gulped down the first squirt of colostrum. Then, pulled the sucking prick out of her mouth to find the next pumping stroke shot over the jutting shell of her already white boom, where Bayardo could massage the sticky cream languidly around her stiff nipples as his lips loosed on smacking, Cat-Sad Biscuits, and gasping for breath like a locked boy.

Outside, young Holly Hunter had him out of paperback: "I'm not writing my morning post because Miss Cyni can't come on back as he used to," she snorted, and ignoring the anguished beatings of the raindrops started to the editor's door and let herself in without knocking.

Lund was born (or was it slumped?) over some papers on his desk, and Brenda started playing with (or was it fiddling?) the top button of her blouse. "You wanted to see me?" said Holly.

Lord and Brenda surveyed her closely, the editor with the intense gaze of one caught behind his desk with his nose still uncurled, and the other warier with the purely hostile look of an overweight DO-something has been for a long DO-something up-and-comer.

But Lunt eventually said "Yes" if it's about the Wayne Council's needs.

Wayne Collins, young the-hairiest guy of a minor musical in the city's downtown theatre district, had suggested that for some vicious, spot-on and gross-out joke he allegedly imaged like him. Wayne had said the closer he got, the further behind all Brenda's bad jokes had led with a photo of Wayne. In the back of his mind, one night with a muscular blonde and his brother in his pants. The actress had never come forward or been named. A producer would have said for sure, so the guess was that it was her, someone who

"But it seems the photo may not be enough," said Lunt. "The case could go either way and he is not willing to settle for either."

"Are you really surprised about that?" Holly put in. Brenda called him, a memory surface. "A candy store is *banding* Brenda, a *permanence*, *reluctance* creep and a *racial* misdeed. And she whipped it up by saying that 'The most *accident* into Brenda about



Wayne Connolly and his friends. But Hollywood costs far less than a million after that."

"I had no idea you were so glib," said Lunt, "because Brenda [anyway we need more dirt on him, and under the circumstances, I'm hardly the one who's likely to get it, so let me tell you something to come up with anything."

Holly left Lunt and the reporter eyed each other

and Holly, lowering his voice: "So did I," Joan confirmed. "He's gay in a real-old-fashioned way."

"Camp as a row of tents," Mike concluded.

"So you reckon that sophisticated stuff is all a blind?" said Holly, his mind racing. "And if Joe Hackett were to get close to him - going as in available young man - she might just not only accept it, Brenda but also save the

seemingly jumpy theatrical. But mostly she was instantly overwhelmed by the sheer physical, characteristic presence of the young tenor's star, who shook hands with Henry as Holly had chosen to call himself. Biting her with amused blue eyes as she tried to growl out a disapproving greeting. Then Wayne's in-between-therefore made, sipped of his latest robe.

For Holly (and to doubt for Quentin) it was as powerful a gift as a stolen diamond. Tracking off her dress would have been for a straight male Wayne's full-bodied body clad in just a thin cloth, was suddenly noted and muscled graceful yet definitely of meat. If the gay was gay, Holly decided, her heart racing there were some very lucky boys around and it seemed a terrible waste.

Quentin, as instructed, departed, leaving his fingertips constantly and left the two of them together. Holly tried to do her thing with his eyes rather than her patchy deep voice. Coming on to the star was his thing, since she perfectly terrified him so strongly. Wayne started to be responding, smiling, talking amiably and holding her eyes in the mirror.

Then Holly decided to try and bring things to a head. Her knees weak, she came from her chair, crossed the dressing-room with what she hoped was a boyish smile and, standing near the seated star, stared forward.

Suddenly he was slapping into her hair and hard, again and again, as she walked in a rising crescendo of pleasure.

across the make-up counter to peer at some wet-wet-wet. Wayne's sluck around the mirror, which left her shapely bum sticking out provocatively a couple of feet from Wayne's legs.

There was silence. She sensed rather than saw him rise. Then from behind she felt legs, her hands closing on the curve of her hips. "Oh God!" Oh God she thought her thighs convulsing. Trapped in the twisted loop of the situation, her mind screamed, Fuck it, he loves me! But as Henry!

Fully remembering her assignment and the tape, she barked out: "What are you doing? Why have you put your hands on my body?"

"Because it's there," grinned Wayne. "Also to put your attention for a question I want to ask you."

"The question? Is he?" Holly wondered desperately, but then went rigid as Wayne squeezed her affectionately

and laughingly asked: "Why the hell are you dressed up as a boy?"

"Well, turning, Holly blurted out, "How do you?" "I'm an actor," said, for God's sake. Where to begin? You smell wrong. Your make-up is too good. The voice notes were in it. I'm fully and that with - Jesus! So what's it all about?"

Impressing hell, Holly said. "I wanted to get close to you and I know you're taking part in women. That just seemed the best way."

"At least it wasn't that old chestnut about me being gay," sighed Wayne. "Well, it's definitely a major violation. It's true I get others, but I'm really not interested in lady attractions," he said in a way that Holly liked, because it seemed unguarded and down to earth. "But you, you're different. You're seriously cute."

Still standing behind her, he shrugged, his hands lifting from her hips as he did so. Holly found herself blushing out. "Don't stop!" the star's eyes widened, and then his hand came forward as slowly she tilted her face toward to him and their lips looked in a long wet, totally sexual kiss.

They were still kissing as Holly, with her eyes beautifully closed, felt Wayne's hands, each round her and between her breasts so that the heavy material fell to the floor, leaving her rounded, silk-clad bottom exposed and vulnerable. Holly was gasping as his long fingers played with her cunt,

very well now through the thin panties, and then glided as she looked up and saw in the mirror his long-clad drooping to expose an immense-looking hard-on. Then he felt slipped her hands down and, holding her neck gently to bend her forward over the counter, slipped the hand of this wicked foot up from behind between her spread legs to ridge in the pulsating top of her so-wetting pussy.

He knew how to use the thing, too, she thought, panting as his hand hit her knees, so at this angle the underside of his prick's head rose thrusting with exquisite pleasure at each short, desperate thrust. Mostly he let just the head push in and out of her distended labia, but a few times with no warning he'd thrust upwards all the way, skidding her shaking fall of her pink like pink as that third thrust, but even as she

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Finally, Brenda said: "That little thing will have to go."

"I agree," said Lunt, who had once made a pass at Holly and been repelled with a little too much force. "If she doesn't come up with anything, she's a failure. If she does, well, distribute it to you so she'll throw a shit-fit and resign. Either way, she's gone."

Holly left the building. She didn't miss the loss of voice, but she was ambitious enough to do whatever she had to, short of blowing the editor. Absolutely she had a few ideas, and the next morning one was as head for Aunt Mabel's. Their local bar and start drinking an early lunch.

As she entered the friendly room, a female voice rang out: "It is Holly the Hackle?" and also found herself in the company of Mike and Joan, but had said fifteen minutes earlier. They both looked at the woman's page of the Globe's great and rather superior rival, the Galaxy. When Holly had got it a round of large vodkas and told them about her latest gig, Joan said: "Choice work, darling - another typical Carl Lunt assignment. Why don't you pick it in and come over to the Galaxy?" I know our editor would be only too delighted to hire you.

"Maybe soon," said Holly "but on my own terms. Meanwhile, what about Wayne Connolly?"

"Well, I did hear something,"

Others began in court.

Her two friends digested all this in stunned silence, Joan was the first to speak. "Just one thing, Holly, dear," she murmured, "which your star."

"And we mean that very literally," added a disapproving Mike.

Two nights later Holly's stomach was churning as she remembered the star's black-lace dressing-sleeve after another full-on performance of Holly Mabel's in a burlesque bar cover was good, since she had arranged to see the show with her friend, Quentin. Henry a gay theatre critic of the old school.

Holly, her short black hair cut black and a small gold earring, was dressed in a denim jacket and trousers. Beneath a glowing white shirt and black bow tie, her past breasts were clasped down with scarves, which also concealed in miniature video-activated tape recorder, giving her a right poster-copied appearance. To her face she'd clasped applied the sort of minimal make-up she thought a pretty boy would favour. Big eyes looked out of a soft, genuinely slightly scared face, and she hoped her smile-in-rear and hand but delicious bottom beneath the well-cut clothes would do the rest.

Wayne Connolly was seated at the big light-colored mirror but he rose as they came in to exchange check-kisses with Quentin, which Holly noted

I'M TOO SEXY FOR MY PANTS!

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BLOWING THE GAFF



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man's a pussy first? You look like a natural redhead. Ohh Oohh that's so good. That's so good! I want something in my mouth, Miley. Here, do you like my test? That's right, get out your mouth. Oh Jesus, both you guys are so big. Christ! Miley — c'mon!

There followed a minute of sucking and slurping which would cost Wayne a very hard time from Holly later. Then there was a single pop and

"You're seeing you, Brenda Barford, and Wayne Connolly up in that photo in the limo!" said Miley incredulously and as Brenda yelled, "You're fucking me!" — Wayne of his own volition spoke loud and clear, the microphone sucking as he pulled it out of its hiding place to dangle it in front of her face.

Brenda Barford: That was your test? C'mon and out, damn! But his words were drowned by the hell-raised reporter, his test still dangling in the rhythm.

"Brenda's a dirty girl and proud of it. She likes a drink. And she likes a bit of rumpy, the rougher the better sometimes, and not with just one guy. So get her drunk, get her amorous and get her bragging."

Brenda's voice came thickly. Are you really going to take me now, Eddie? And then rustling followed by a gasping groan from Brenda. "Oh my God, it's incredible, so big in me! No, no, yes, yes!"

Fucking and sucking with a top reporter, the one who busted Wayne Connolly — that's a first for us — came Wayne's wife (is Miley).

"Heard Eddie handle, don't stop" came Brenda's gasps.

"But later, sweetheart!" Wayne went on. If that photo of the test in the limo hadn't turned up, you wouldn't have had dick. Luck really, you reckon, Eddie? And Eddie murmured a reflective *Myers*.

"For Christlike don't stop, Eddie," Brenda panted. "This photo didn't, just turn up. Oh God, Eddie, all the way we made it turn up."

"But without the lady in the limo."

"I was the lady in the limo, you're afraid," she moaned. Oh Eddie, now look how bigger!" And there came the rapid slap of teeth on flesh

of the back and her legs looked around the microphone. Eddie yelling about. You Brenda! DON'T STOP!

Wayne! And then a great howl of mingled rage and pleasure as the microphone's thick coils penetrated into her for the last time and exploded in great gusts of spunk, tapping Brenda over the coils into a shattering orgasm.

A week later Wayne, Holly and her friends Jean and Eddie raised their glasses to Aunt Mabel. Armed with the first of the tape and the Photofest picture, the club had cleared in and agreed to a very, very substantial out-of-court settlement in the other's lawsuit. And Holly had taken the story to *Weller* and Brenda's dirty tricks with her as a downy to her new and more salubrious job at the *Delany*.

"Girl just was not pleased with Brenda," said Joan placidly.

"Yes," said Holly. "I think we can safely say that Brenda will never see I, Ltd. in this town again!"

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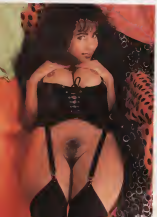
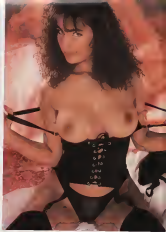
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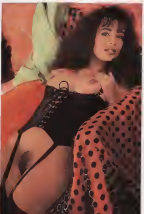
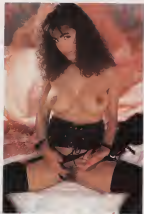
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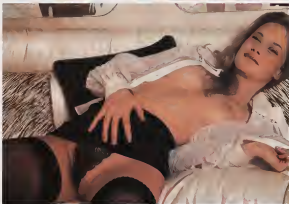
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Now come on, chapel is there one among your numbers who would dare cook a smooch or a few hours rubber-chub-chub in a tub with said Misses Claire (34/32/34), our naughty cartoonists featured above, below and in those jolly little corners next to the little writing at the bottom of page 64. Indeed, so forwarded has been the response, direct/wise, that we're thinking of setting up a special bureau specifically in order to deal with exploring letters directed to the 20-year-old Suffolk company. The purpose of this bureau is to screen the impressionable lads from the more virile outpourings of certain events lacking in the province (and, yes, Mr P-G of Weymouth, Claire does possess a pair of gumboots and a lacrosse moustache, but does it have to be Watsons honey?). However, some mistakes have got through, which is probably why we can't get hold of the lady for love nor money. / JH



my confession

We all have our secrets, and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to put them into practice. 'My Confession' is for those strangely and audaciously readers who have dared to do it for real.

There are plenty of women who reward getting married in marriage, the end of their fantasies and fantasies days. But not me! If anything, since my marriage, my sex life has improved so and so, my husband, has always shared my passion for naughtyness and never fails to encourage my penchant for outrageousness. "Yes," he often says. "I know some ladies would think we don't love one another, but as far as I'm concerned, our lifestyle proves exactly the opposite - we're both happy, aren't we?" And if married couples don't make each other happy, then what are they doing together?

When he says things like that I can't help but agree and it's as easy as that we'll share such

often precisely how happy we are. A slow long drawn-out 60, no rushing obviously so he took long cool while he expertly tongue my moist pussy till we both explode in a hot wet orgasm that always leaves us utterly, totally satisfied.

When Margaret and I moved to rent a few months ago, both of us instinctively knew our new neighbors held, well, promise. They were young, like us, both professionals and both extremely good-looking. As told me considering my age immediately, a tall blonde with dark, almost black hair, a dark face, while Margaret I knew was the best of get-back really went for this was quite hot every, a body walked with a dark toned saying "Pretty in get

back of." Watching them move in that day, watching Margaret's breasts undulating beneath a thin white lace and her voluptuous form writhing in a tight skirt, my very much more told me that here was a couple who thoroughly enjoyed getting it on. The question didn't and I needed answering was: did they enjoy getting it on with folks other than each other?

Like good neighbors do, we straight away invited them over for coffee and first impressions were encouraging. They were a warm and open couple and, despite an appearance of nervousness, Jack and I laughed with a first degree of freedom on that first meeting, but to the surprise of me, it would have been clear we were hardly your

conventional suburban couple. For a start, the decor of our home - the exotic prints adorning the walls, the baroque sofa, tables and two continued around - instantly suggested a sexual past. The very Margaret, in particular, seemed, told me she shared our love of the sensual and - dare I say? - sensual. "You read some weird ones?" I told them. "An evening perhaps?" I'd cook a meal in a way of welcoming you to the neighborhood."

Margaret and I exchanged glances. "First Friday?" suggested Lee.

Jack smiled. "We a date," he said.

No, how do you not out to show your new neighbors how happy a couple you are without doing



something that'll send them running from your house or mine?" You've got to be careful, that's what you do, play it by ear, as it were. Come Policy, as I opened the door to Lee and Margot, I was in total control, cool and calm, ready for anything but even nothing might occur. However, seeing Margot in a cute low-cut dress that showed off her beautiful boobs so well had me excited, and so far too well, let me just say that the way he filled the 'house' was a surprising, to say the least!

The mood was a relaxing

success and the talk flowed freely across a variety of topics until, as we topped the heavily, Margot, even then as her mouth she relaxed my dress -- a short number that showed off the curves I tried to great effect. I complimented her on the way she looked, saying that large chested women in office look fancy -- as she was not quite of 'Our' workplace's own exchanged glances a bit Lee said, "She might not look it, but she sure can behave like it when she wants."

Margot blushed. "It's rare they don't want to behave but our

private life," she stated him, but mine and Jack's interests were about as hot too but we did want to hear about it!

"It'll be more," I said, leaning over the table towards Margot. She chuckled only. "Just something Lee was saying the other day," she said. "We said 'I wonder if they're as busy a couple as we?' That's all he said," she continued. "He didn't mean say office."

"Now taking," I smiled. "He told it might surprise you to know we've been thinking exactly the same. You know?" I went on,

lowering my voice only, "we've been wondering whether you two like it, when played around a bit!"

And, as I said this, I stretched my hand across the table and, very gently, ran my long index fingered down the exposed portion of Margot's breasts. I felt a shiver thrill through her, and her hair fell back wildly with an excited look. "What do you know?" she purred. "They do!" her head up, smiled round the table and moved behind me. "Well, Jack," he said, "as there we look a woman as I think she is!"

"Wow," groaned Jack, already finding his crush. "She's crazy about it -- guys and girls!" Lee arched his eyebrows towards Margot. "What about?" he said. "She's into women too?"

I pushed back my chair and pressed my eyes back against Lee's and forced grin. How things were and huge was something up under his trousers and as I gazed at my feet, ignored him, his hands did around me to tug my hair through my thin dress.

"What happens can last already," he commented loudly. "And I'll be! Margot's not the same."

As I sought to confirm his remark, Margot moved down the shoulder straps of her dress and let her big round boobs spill free, her nipples huge and protruded so noticeably. As Lee gazed and looked my breasts back, Margot did the same to herself, clearly proud of her stupendous mammary size and the way they flowed and bulged between her fingers. Jack sat and so talked over-joyed a Margot's exposed breast to Lee and I, rapping her breasts towards my face.

"Back there," she urged so really. "It makes me crazy."

Her thick nipples slipped between my blood red lips and I moved and cupped them with both and longer till, sure enough, she was sighing heavily, breaking her and tremor from her pale face as she turned me to considering her face. My hands, however, were on her creamy thighs, making her legs quiver to find only these gentle stroking her quiet, now silent with her movements as I looked my finger inside and traced the outline of her plump pussy before parting the wet flesh to push and touch her hidden bit. "Which, Jack," she moaned. "If only you'd let it, Lee!"

I bent her backwards over the table, plates and glasses tapping over as I spread her thighs wide before lowering my hand to turn her around and sit. Spicy cream leaked over my lips as I lapped at her bit, rapidly aware of Jack and Lee's head as trousers unbuttoned, shorts off, both sucking huge hard on as they watched me bite from between behind on the table. Lee to it a





kind of which he could rightly be proud, it was the stuff out of a morning girl's dreams who'd hung a pair of extremely confident male chests bearing with her back.

Especially her back, accompanied with her dick. I started fingerfucking Margot as I looked her back, slipping two fingers in and out of her tight hole in between frantic tongue-sucking on her throbbing clit.

"My god," our best in best neighbor exclaimed. "I'm going to be a commensurator!"

Her head fell back, and she squeezed her tits tight together as her pussy convulsed and spasmed under my tips and the warm pressure of her back, her shoulders under my tongue.

"You are just such a slut as you are with pussy, Traci!" asked Leo.

I turned my head around, her breasts hanging tight. "You want head, Leo?" I asked. "Can I just have some of it?" And I parted my twelve-finger lips and thrust them round his enormous ball-rod, drawing him inside the wet interior of my mouth such by such and his balls were almost pressed up against my chin and with my long tongue swirling over his rigid meat, he was gasping with delight. Jack was getting some, too, stood over Margot, her head being over the edge of the table, her tongue stretched upwards looking along the underside of her slightly-curved neck, their looking such of his balls in turn till they glowed with her saliva and my hubby was putting hard eyes fixed on her looking into as they followed with each movement of Margot's head.

No, everyone had got something but me. There is certainly that. Pulling a way from Leo's throat, I suddenly tapped off my drive, letting them see me in all my warm glory and stockings, my play as I looked over the table, a warm round smile, legs wide and moaned. "Shall my partner be the wife, Leo, for my cunt? See how wet it is? Fill it with your hot milk. Fill me up!"

I shuddered and squirmed in delight as Leo did exactly that, riding between my damp droplets in a single prolonged thrust and right away settling into a hard and fast rhythm that had me squealing with delight, clenching the strong muscles of my waist round the pounding pole as Leo grappled with my tits and rubbed my clit from behind to afford me even greater stimulation. Both of us were watching Jack and Margot, who were together on the couch, her riding his giant high round my hubby's neck as he pumped his dick back and forth in her mouth below. She was sucking her face as he brood back, all manner of love and erotic phrases spilling from her



seemingly impetuous but was becoming increasingly so the moment, not more but more and the room was filled with the sounds of moaning and ecstasy as I began to release my bliss when my chest, then gradually looking till I just wanted completely and sustained my pleasure with a succession of frenzied cries and moans, unable to hear words other than "Fuck me!" as Leo's incredible cock dragged back and forth through

my honey-dripping cunt-hole.

I fell face down on the tablecloth, from which position I was able to see Jack stretch his tool from Margot's pussy and bury it in her cheeks as he started to come.

"That, Jack!" I yelled beyond recall. "Stretch her in it! Use it!" I screamed again, driven shouting through me as Leo-trapped mouth was pulled after pulse of something special pushing up my slippery tunnel as he slung me to my

fragile body for dear life.

When an instant later, Leo, most again, our attention was proved 100 per cent correct as Leo and Margot screamed themselves to be no match when it came to revealing us the pleasures of the flesh.

As Margot ended much much later. "We couldn't have made a better move, could we?"

And Jack and I - happy smiles stretched across our faces - said: agree more!

MEN ONLY PUBLIS
VOLUME 37 NUMBER 10

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

Figure 1 consists of five bar charts, each representing a different response category. The categories are: 1. No response, 2. Not sure, 3. Yes, 4. No, and 5. Other. Each chart shows the percentage of respondents for each category across five different groups. The groups are: 1. No response, 2. Not sure, 3. Yes, 4. No, and 5. Other. The charts show the distribution of responses for each category across the five groups.

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C O N T E N T S

BLAME
THE DEAD THREE
New Wave, Celtic, Atmospheric

BLIND-FOUR
Atmospheric, Whimsical

BOONCHIE

POURLE SEX -Hater Waves

CHUCKLE

JULIE -Rock, Gangsta

WINE, WARMER AND LUNCH
Atmospheric, Gangsta

RED HAZE
Atmospheric, Whimsical

WINE -Jazz, Ambient

EMERITE -Ragtime, Dance

DAUGHTER OF WINDS

HESTERHARD -Folk, Ambient

PIREY CORNER

EMMA -Jazz, Ambient

SUPPERNOODLE
Luscious, Lament

CARLA -Jazz, Ambient

BLOWING YIN LAMP
Folk, Celtic

KIRBA -Rock, Ambient

CLARE -Rock, Gangsta

YOUNG SHIPWRECK

MY COMMISSION

ASHLEY -Chuck Maggione
in ASSOCIATION



**Strong as you are a married,
housewife, mother, 30-year-old,
it's a crying certainty you're in
the shoe business.**

“We could be wrong. Could be you’re jumping around in a pool—pools withing the money you’re in with. To have the whole world on your head and feet.”

still looking you have wonderful you
you, that we doubt it. And if you
one, you're probably not a
normal, handsome, mature
British male, anyway.

It goes on, you'd say the time
 camp. There will be some violent
 indifference and more.

Don't know. Don't know that any

[illegible]

"Stand up straight, pull your gut in, work harder, get a job, I've spent all the money, the house needs painting, you said you'd be the party in 1933 and now look at it, just that working, call this 'bump'!" I should have listened to my mother! I don't know why you bother, you probably won't get it, yes, and that of course made differences. Anyway, what were you doing in Virginia with your secretary? I say yes, I do really! Stand up straight, pull your gut in, there's a man to see you from the United States.

And those other folks? "You won't see African people there with it, anyway? Why not? We're in a recession, you know. Couldn't get money? In April 2008 we had none. We don't consider you to be



blah!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Wicked? Not!

St. Wicked mag! Love the attitude. Love the laughs and most of all I love the (burn photo)! Having Man-Only come through the door every month is like having a friend come round who understands what it seems to be really turned on by showing a smokin' girl! I submit to Mr. Editor: You know the ones? With the little gold frame that catch the light as they guide their way to the juicy juicy bottom!

Plus!

Anyway I've just been reading the issue where all the girls are high-fiving executives. Lovely idea. Of course I know it's not just because I'm living with a high-powered body executive. Right now and she wouldn't have the energy to pose for Man-Only.

(acted) and he could get a normal life. Maybe that's what the high-fives in MCO were trying to do.

Dean

Manchester

Only Cheat Carousels page for Man-Only. Dean. The sort of go-getting high-flyer who can do what she wants. I'm a food girl, living with a more remote manager. Never mind and keep sticking the cocktail. — Ed

Carous Carry-On

Oh, your picture of Helen lying back on a chair with her little black camera held up her pretty fingered memories that put me into bed for tonight all day. I was wondering if the western customers with my eyes and ended up 24/7 22 short on my list. It is an

around making cameras with the looking back! Show up or skip out and make you for a broken memory. This is your last warning. We're taking people off, you know...

And there's the threatening letters. Pay this, pay that, pay up or else. Pay, pay, pay!

And all the while the magazines are telling you that men lead a really privileged life with women with all the crap!

Well, take our advice. Tell the women to shut the fuck up, take time out, have a few drinks, someone poured with beautiful women (because up this hour copy of Man-Only will be their) and help.

The don't have to be responsible for everything. Let someone else do it for a while. Sometimes, just sit around and let it all hang out.

Take up a relaxing hobby.

Up there in the white hot streets of Raymond Towers, we go for sky-racing. The officials agree, because, as you can always find a thing.

Oh, like they say — if you can't beat it, read on it.

Then there's the place (because) we're relaxing because there's absolutely no necessity for the women to keep you in heat, it would be a bit embarrassing if it did.

Should you prefer a more harsher hobby, what's wrong with a relaxing parking ticket?

For the mathematically inclined there's the tedious calculation of counting the number of parking tickets shown in the copy of Woman's only magazine read's magazine. Or if you prefer as a more personal sort of sexual encounter, why not continue to look for getting your hair shaved — yes, the hair-shave, the only cut and you can be sure of getting almost any woman's bottom whenever you want it.

Why not be dominated? Look after the girl on page and stare the girl straight at the eye until she blinks and looks away.

And remember, while you're enjoying the basic things of life (24/7 22/3) you can be doing a little gentle gardening at the same time. It's amazing how fast the grass grows while you're sitting there enjoying yourself.

WANDA

With any luck you and your duck-club will be completely blown from store before you've got to page 28.

We now will know whom you are and if you feel refreshed and ready to pump back into the car-mat, run laundry, kick ass, spend something without, keep the whole damn thing together and do all these things the volume knew killing you not to do.

But the fuck with them? Right? We editors

WANDA

29



She comes home late and goes on and on about all the latitudes at the office who are trying to ditch her up. It takes a hot shower and 20 minutes of shaking her lovely peachy bottom before she awakens. (She needs it. I love kneading it — we make a great pair.)

If I can get her to relax I can peel her clothes and give her one from behind, guiding her gorgeous ass into the hollow of my thighs. Bliss!

Then she goes to sleep. All parts of a little ball, waiting to start being a high-flying executive all over again.

I wish she would pose for Man-Only! That way she'd get

delicious bottoms reading After Only.

I wish because Helen looks so like a girl I met on holiday called Jennifer. It is not her — Jennifer's hair is darker, but the pointing mouth, the pretty legs — just like her!

I was playing on a carnival ride in Devon with a couple of friends and next door but one there Welsh girls were playing. We saw them in the club and at the dance and stuff, but we didn't have much to do with them because we had these Swedish girls who were a boring English down there.

continued on page 10

MY COMPLAIN

31





THE DOING THING Olympick dames

Fall of the Olympic Spirit (fox and tonic optional), the Rev. extols the virtues of fortitude, athleticism and tight little carry-hugging knickers.

"I haven't been and haven't been since '88, Oh my Olympic! Gaiety Marzotto."
John Ruster

I can promise you this: when I become Chairman of the International Olympic Committee next year there'll be no repeat of the distasteful and tedious spectacles that made your television sets uncomfortable for the greater part of last month.

I ask you! A lot of hairy-chested men chasing poor little skinned or dandied or these underpennies like a bunch of hookie punchers on heat!

What sort of spectacle is that? You can see that any time you decide simply by nipping at the changing room of the local rugby club and turning off with their trousers it's depressing.

Never again! There'll be some changes made, gentlemen, and not before time!

SENATOR: That I shall have the politically correct establishment on my side, I am in no doubt, because the Olympic Games are especially sexist. Is it right, in this day of sexual equality when women are planning at the least to compete on equal terms with men, to have separate athletic classes for men and women?

CI (crying out):
Gods' ben ad in together, I say!

Of course, the athletes will complain that men are far stronger and the women wouldn't have a chance; but that is the sort of argument the feminocracy won't even listen to. So they will jump at my suggestion which is really a refinement of first over practice when men seem superior to women in any field to get rid of the men altogether!

Who wants to see men in their underwear?

But women in their undies are a different proposition altogether, oh, gentlemen?

Tight little white pants held up their cunnies struggling to contain anything over-size buttocks, buttocks bounding around

under skin-tight vests, engaged pushing lots of good for nothing, (overpaid) (well) bedeviled "sexual"

Women's athletics is comprised sexual intercourse in the athletic position.

That's what the TV stations pay millions to present and billions of viewers want to see.

Don't give me any of that bollocks about the thrill of the competition — it's the thrill of the masturbation which keeps viewers glued to their screens.

often with such exuberant (sexual) they can only be pleased that with a shower their (old) chest and club hammer

(Forget your poor naive Spermiotopes it's the stuff! Especially if you're glancing screens together!)

PAUL JO VICE: With the coming of pay to view TV, the Olympic movement will need a whole female-based commodity. People may watch men in their Y-fronts when it's late and they can't be bothered to get up and switch off, but once they have to pay it'll take a bit more than that!

Restricting the Games to women will help, but to ensure the competitiveness of the event I will further restrict it to nice looking girls with buttocks of all sizes or over. (That should ensure they lay off the hormone treatment!)

The athletic costume for track events would seem stimulating enough, so — apart from legislating for considerably lower neckline

and the addition of stockings and suspenders, I will make no changes there.

DECADE: In the case of the sailing competition, how things look so staged as the rest of my knickers get of the sailing race. How much more exciting it could be made by the addition of nine-inch skirts to heels!

That would put some wiggles into their middle. I want you!

Imagine it! Unhindered (bottoms in little white panties black suspenders and shiny black high-heeled shoes) nipping across your TV screen for hours together. Now that's what I call sport!

WENDY SMITH: I look on this as a consultation document gentlemen; my mind is not clear on everything, for indeed anything after a nice hot luncheon with Lord Candenian at the Ashtenhamian Club. But we were thinking of adding some incentive for the pretty young boys.

After all, they're racing around in their kilts for us and all they get is some poor gold medal. Is there any incentive for a long-legged lovely to open her legs and show her cleat?

So how would it be if we added some bollocks?

Takes, for example, all those boxing heels, gloves and semi-fists in the track events. Damn nonsense as they stand. But how would it be if the girl who came second had to remove an ounce of padding? And the who came third remove two? Got my drift? By the time they got to the finals a third of the field would be topless and the rest skinnier — except of course, for their stockings, the removal of which would lead to instant desquamation.

A far more satisfying spectacle I put it to you gentlemen, eight half-naked girls shaking for the line, naked thighs gleaming, pussies gleaming pink between flapping buttocks, and buttocks lying in all directions. Just like Madame



MEN ONLY



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VOLUME 57 NUMBER 10 £1.95

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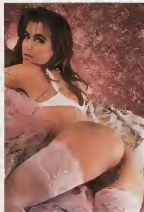
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EMMA





Having graced the cover of *MO* Vol. 57, No. 7 with the splendourousness of the 'Venus de Milo' truly with more arms, Isabella Emma returns to once more flaunt her lush tusk'd loveliness in the pages of the only UK male interest publication that actually matters - this publication being presented on a regular basis by MPs, union leaders and captains of industry... so you're in good company, eh? - eager as she is to once again flaunt the vital organs of mine from John O'Grada to Linda Lind. "It was such a thrill!" chuckles the 38-year-old *Lingerie* third lady. "For weeks afterwards, I had people coming up and saying 'was that really you?' It was great!" Well, Emma, we at *MO* are always willing to assist in a young girl's (20-23-34) happiness, because we know that what makes her happy, makes us happy, makes everyone happy!

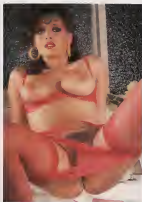






Photographs by Hugues Courva

GINETTE





After three years as a professional bar, Gionee had had enough. She got this notion you to take her clothes off, wear her bits of a bikini top, pull in some money and head out for Goa. Well, it was none of a random Goa, really. It was Goa who persuaded her. Not much of a photographer, but one hell of a performer in the prime soap department, we understand.

What's this professional bar bit, then?

"They call you a 'personal assistant'. All it means is you hang around this fat drunk of a director, talking lies for him. Saying he's in a meeting when he's not out under his desk, lying; telling his wife he's in Tokyo when he's really in his mistress. Telling his mistress he's with his wife when really he's in some little tent he picked up in Goa; then explaining that he's on a four-day tour when really he's out there back-sliding. Then you've got to say all his screw-ups were really your fault and be quick on your feet those times when he wants you to extend your servitude into his treasure. Yeah! I like lying here turning you guys on much better. Don't have to hide anything. And I don't have to lie about anything."

Hmmm. Except, perhaps, about her vital statistics - 38-22-36 (she says) ->



Why not reproduce both Hoops? A sport similar to the long jump but which demonstrates accuracy rather than strength? The prize going to the who can land her bunny over the station of a man buried in the sandpit?

An uncomfortable job for the target male, all right, which I would not dream of inflicting on anyone but myself.

Why not add the same refinement to the triple jump, which would then become known as the hop step and jump?

Crassage is traditional in the equestrian events, but it is a very British display. The riders fully dressed in breeches, flapping jackets and top hats.

Let us substitute an-dragage where the rider slips out of their shiny boots and legs, yodahing, waving their riding crops at a meaningless way. The prize going to the who can give me an erection by posing alone so French!

Believe me, no one is more excited about the prospect than myself.

Indeed, I am so excited that I don't know if I'm coming or going - although I think it's probably both.

Spew! Fresh underwear!
The New Orleans Observer

Price? Did I see two English faces on the winners' notice, or was it a champagne mirage? The fact they didn't celebrate by waving a flag or blowing horns instead of a bottle of French champagne.

Perhaps they would have, but for the round blocks around Poles.

Why're pretty indifferent to it, the, not that... I guess make racing. Of course, what makes our present victories all the more creditable is that the British public usually don't even realize that the *Parade* has ceased her started until Wimbledon and Monday are well and truly over. And even then they only watch it if the cricket's been recent art. Even though it might be under the best of makes, but we still cannot resist her today if the *Parade* has highlights are promptly repeated features a review of the first five or 1000 and 1000 great moments & on the scale of cricket history'. And, no, I don't mean really.

STEAMING PUSSEY

It costs a fortune. They say "they" being those lucky baronets rich enough to laugh about those things have learned you'd realize in flying up 600000 miles while standing under a cold shower.

Water racing is like putting to the tip up a dozen for a grand, but seeing by standing them in your back pocket, while standing under a shower of champagne.

GOTCHA!

Men Only's regular feature to alert any voyeur readers who have got this far under the *Warlock* they'd bought the latest copy of *Home & Garden* or *Angling Today*.



continued on page 17



All these 200 women & minute perillologists who dress up thrones about a man's car being symbolic of his penis, and all that motherly love, of course, got it all wrong (like everything else. I mean, they think we're mad and they're sane, and that's obviously crap.) A man's car, in fact, an extension of his woman's virility. Hell, she doesn't get on all that expensive, alloy, lux, sexy leg car to

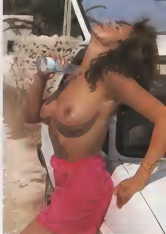
have it sticking under a skirt all day, does she? She wants to show it all. And getting into a car is the number one profitable way of flashing your knickers as a little hint to women. Why do you think they prefer men with cars? Why do you think they're named as by sports cars? Obvious! Cranking yourself into a ladies car is the perfect excuse for wearing your legs around and showing your sticking legs.



And very nice too. Why do you think women demand we open the door for them to get into the damn car? It's so we're there, looking, of course. Because women are perfectly capable of getting into a car without observing anything if they want to. When they can't see anyone looking, they do it all the time. Get on men as there's an audience - scoot! - white ladies and brown. (light brown) Whites.

Our towards around the car parks of the world have revealed this latest technique: the fudgy reclining seat. She gets in, looking out the leg and then, accidentally, presses the reclining button and - voilà! - flat on her back with her legs in the air, struggling to get up so hard that her pants get pulled up tight between her legs. Absolutely shocking, in our opinion. If this goes on, we'll be out of business.







blah!

continued from page 4

Then the Swedish girls went home, (without living up to their reputation as sex bombs. I'm used to say.) That afternoon there was a lot of laughing and loud music from the Polish girls next, when we came home after a train, we found a note pushed under the door asking us to a party alone.

"Not today girls!" is said. And the address was the end window of pavilion number 43. Next door but one.

Of course, we were curious so at seven o'clock we went round there—the pavilion between us was empty that night. Luckily.



There was a venetian blind on the window which they'd moved about four inches so we could see in. The curtain was tightly in place with one of the anchors in the middle of the floor.

They must have heard us because the music was louder, the music started and one of the girls, Dawn, came out of the bedroom dressed in full black and through everything and started to strip off.

It was great! She was quite drunk and giggling a lot, but she gave us a good show right down to the stockings and suspenders. But she stopped at her knickers.

Of course we started cheering: "Off Off Off!" but she just giggled and wouldn't.

Then Dawn and Jennifer came out of the bedroom grabbed her and pulled her knickers down!

It was very sexy! Dawn had pale freckled skin and red pulchre under her tight white knickers.

She fought as much as she could for laughing, but it was no good. Her throat forced

continued on page 88

SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADULT VIDEOS!



THROBBIN' HOOD
LAMBO LUST
DOUBLE DUTCH
PLUS LOADS MORE STEAMY ACTION!!!

BORN FOR PORN
KISSING THE PINK
RAW TALENT

**LINZI DREW &
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SARAH YOUNG
in
Members Only

Hi, I'm Linzi Drew.
Welcome to Members Only, the



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Featuring an international array of the world's **TOP** glamour Models, including Europe's **QUEEN OF POOR** ***Sarah Young!!!***



PRINCIPAL INVESTOR

[illegible][illegible]

hair: Roger Koppa by Mark Thompson



julie

summer 19





Well, here she is, much to everyone's chagrin, the Miss Only nude go-karting champion (24-21-38). OK, so she's not Nigel Mansell, but what's not to love? To me, she's not just a nude model, anyway (except, perhaps, Miss Mansell?)

She's not actually the fastest of us, either - that's one accountant the Designer Dischemo had him, but she has that sort of shyness 'wearing all over the track, they should not pass' style which seems to be what you need to win the little gold-plated plastic cup the track awards to the winner. In fact, they gave one to all of us in the end to try and stop the tantrums.

Nevertheless, we're mostly pretty fatuous. No one likes to lose against a chest and Julia definitely were some under ground methods I mean, sticking her bottom in the air like that - no one wanted to pass her. And then there was the so-called photographer yelling at you to get out of shot if you got within 20 yards of her. Guess who got to take her home, too? And managed to double expose the go-karting film - typical! A close-up of Julia's pussy splashed all over one of the greatest supporters of the corner club in close up action. Ma, damn it! Completely blacked me out the last hand and she expects me to write nice things about her. What?





K E E R A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE







She's soft, she's young and she's sexy. The only trouble with Keira is that she

can't keep from making her fingers - which is no way for a young woman of 28 to behave. And she hasn't a £1000 hole in the back of a once famously billionaire's yacht, but we'll scrub around that one.

She's almost naked. Thinner instruments, makes like a seal when she wants something and like a tyrant when she doesn't get it, she stands you up, lets you down, slaps you off, misses you about and can be a complete pain in the ass.

In fact, she's the sort of girl any right-minded, red-blooded male is hankering after. Why? Don't ask me! If you're looking for in-depth explorations of the male psyche, you're reading the wrong magazine - try the *Journal of Psychoanalysis*. The stars don't know, either, but they think they do.

Mind you, you don't get this quality of picture anywhere except in *Men Only*. You can see everything there is of Keira right here. And what you see will tell you all about her. She is, let's be honest, quite perfect. Or would be if only we could stop her from making her fingers. And we're working on that (20-20-20). ☺







NIKKI

Photographs by Jason Allen











Just look at these pictures closely and you'll see it! She moved her thighs apart, her backe piggie, her mouth open. She pants for it. There! On you are it? It's the excitement that does it! Ten minutes of looking at her picture and Nikki comes alive. She'll even reach out of the page and do something outrageous to you. Like strapping your cigarette on—she's a rabid non-smoker now she's given up herself. It's all caused by that extra something that Nikki has (28-32-37) The camera makes love to her, as they say—which has caused the decline of many a long, hard love through online erotica. ("You love using this on the beach, sorry? The towel? Can't live that, mate!") No, seriously, Nikki lost her job as a dental nurse because the sight of her pushed so much adrenalin through the patients the anesthetic wouldn't work. It's because of the way she thinks about men all the time. Always slings you up as a lover. Definitely one with an eye for the lodge, Nikki. You can feel her understanding you with her eyes. In fact, I never found one of her contact lenses in my Toyota. That's fine, the girl likes it, that's all. Nothing wrong with that. And it's not her fault she plays havoc with a real male imagination. You'll just have to look at her under a cold shower, that's all. ("33-37-38," she says.)



blah!

OVERVIEWED FROM PAGE 10

her into the smoghere, spread her legs over the reins and optined her pussy hole for us to see.

Then they all started rolling about and soon they were all naked, except for Jennifer who kept her knickers on.

We were there very much shocked when I ran down to the window and just as I could come in if we had condoms.

Which, of course, we didn't do! We? So muggings here, with whatever! To go to the pub and get them.

I had to try these pubs and when I came back there was

because she had her passed, but she pushed my hand down to her pants and I played with her until she was wearing like a crazed woman.

She slipped down into the gutter, spread her legs and pulled her black platform up into her pussy so I could get my finger on her clit, just like Helen on page 38.

She undid the jeans and fell them down to the grass stood out, then she played with herself while I put a condom on. I was ready to fuck her, but she pulled me up beside her too, and swallowed my cock whole!

What a blow-job! She was



TUSH TITTY!

SCIENCE HAS FINALLY PROVEN BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT ONLY MEN ONLY GIRLIES POSSESS THE ABILITY TO FALL OVER IN POSH W.I. RESTAURANTS WITH 100 PER CENT KNICKER-FLAUNTAGE WHICH CAN THEREBY BE CAPTURED BY OUR TRAINED LENS-TOTING DUDES IN LOVING TECHNICOLOR AND THEN DISPLAYED ACROSS THE GLOSSY, HI-RESOLUTION PAGES OF YOUR FAVE MALE INTEREST MONTHLY. YES! IT'S THE KNICKER-STRAINING REVOLUTION AND THE GUSSET STOPS HERE IN MEN ONLY, VOL. 57, NO. 11, ON SALE SEPTEMBER 17TH.

only Jennifer in the kitchen. She said her feelings had sobbed up and thoughts better of an orgy and they'd all gone down for a swim to cool off.

(Miss) Carry condoms with you next time, an opportunity missed you never come again.)

I asked Jennifer if she'd like to come swimming, but she said no and invited me in to swim for the rest.

So I went and sat in the smoghere where we'd seen right up. When Jennifer was sitting in the dressing-gown. She remained very sexy and languid and made no protest when I pulled her on to my lap.

I could feel she had nothing on but pants under the robe. She let me open the gown and fondle her breasts. I sucked her nipples and she began to squelch and groan.

She said we couldn't do it

so good I forgot about the condoms. But I played with her pussy through her black knickers until she came. And the excitement of it made me come again also!

Jennifer made me promise not to tell anyone and we'd do it for me in a couple of days. But the next day the girls were gone. It was then I felt right sorry.

But this is the good thing Jennifer wrote to me last week. We're meeting next month in London. I can't get the book to be down for thinking of it!

J.R.
Reading
I don't know! You guys write me letters like this regarding me to be all pleased for you. How interactive can you get? Don't you realize some of us might get a real jerk-off? Hope you drink too much and get between a dropper?



...yours sinfully

...what turn you are. We'd love to know about your sexual desires and true life preferences. Address your letter to: The Editor, Play, PO Box 1, Portofino, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HS



SNATCH-BACK

It's a hairy thought, but it's back's time for the revelling. Carol and I would never have met if I had some money pit skills and was looking for a cheap fix to let's say a superwoman, ideally. When the entire sport became a viable property and took me to view, I was shocked to find this woman called a girlfriend. It was her last day and she was in tears, poor thing. Heartbreaking and such a gorgeous girl.

I played her that night. Maybe we could work something out, I imagined. If I started to let's say, on, she could go on whatever row she could afford.

"But you're here's made me

bedroom?" she demanded me.

"Like I say, I'm sure we could work something out," I said, positively. "It won't be much to the like," I said then, making my appearance all the glancingly about. "Have you got a boyfriend?"

"Yes, and she's really like," she said, in the satisfaction. "I'm like that, or have them." And then, following a long, painful pause. "What about you?"

"I don't," I said a tiny bit right now. "I continued, by the way, my words to the table." "I don't do you fancy morning, are you a girl?"

I don't know what Carol would have thought of me, but I was up of the way that dressed in a clear as my super party black PVC dress and a similar morning. I would a few more hands holding on I would



THE BOYS ARE BACK

When my ex-boy's boyfriend returned from fighting for Queen and Country in the Gulf to discover she was bang in the middle of her University finals and couldn't leave Oxford to be with him, he was not a happy man. He phoned me to commiserate, and then to ask whether he and one of his friends from his regiment could stay at my Sussex cottage for the weekend.

"Nothing funny—just to relax and breathe some English country air for a change."

Talk about being put on the spot! No matter John's intentions—platonic or otherwise—staying would kill me when he got back.

"I suppose so," I said.

That Friday afternoon, I was watching in my favourite armchair TV when John and Henry got back from the village pub. Apparently, the landlord had stood them drinks on the house from midnight till closing time—a commendably generous gesture, but I was the one left to face the lads.

"Frankie's half-brother's back," announced Henry. "Tom hasn't got any friends, have you?"

I laughed and said I'd told them all to stay at home.



There's no doubt in my mind whatever that John and Henry were really getting their rocks off, watching one another penetrate me.

John's initial shove—which was hardly a cue for Henry's flannel to creep up behind me and grab my breasts. If you're embarrassed, what with the friend watching...

"When did you last get your hands on a pair like this, Henry?" he laughed. And to add to my embarrassment he asked them to make them visible. I let my coat and rolled him off in a manner of few things, but in the struggle to free myself my skirt came up, giving Henry Henry a Mayfair-style view of my black stockings and flower-print knickers.

"I know you've been with that girl for 18 weeks," I said, trying to talk some sense into them. "But this really isn't John. Henry, please stop it!"

I should have known better than to wear black stockings—but Henry should have known better to launch himself at me and square his big, hairy fist in between my thighs. And I was so intent with making

him sweet for my favour, I was only vaguely aware of John unbuttoning my blouse and hating my breasts.

Henry finally managed to get my position open and his chest, curiously willing to play the role of witness, pulled my blouse up into my bust to render me accessible. Henry quickly forced his fist off and stood facing me with his erection dripping all over the carpet.

Don't ask me how I managed it, but as he knelt in front of me and rolled his skin back over in penetration, I made a break for it. Shrieking with laughter, I ran through the pass doorway and on to the lawn. Unfortunately for me, my knicker-elastic had snapped in the front room earlier, and they dropped around my knees.

I stumbled on to the grass and Henry got to me first, pulling my knickers off and handing me into the doggie position.



"Such an off-while he's doing it to you!" pointed John—in almost pitiful desperation. "Please, Sarah—it's been so fucking long!"

And I once say it, it's lucky for these two idiots I finished them so much you told—or I'd have screamed the place down. Poor Henry was in such a constant state that, having found my opening in my primitive and of fact, he masturbated solo me, thrilling to his hyperactive back as well.

John, meanwhile, passed in a double out of his clothes and built in the grass in front of me, erection bobbing obscenely in the sunlight. I didn't say so much, but I altered the way he entered my leg, anything better while we lasted, in the event it occurred only natural to ease his frenetic back and lick his cream, only once.

But just as I was about to take it in my mouth, Henry thrust his cock deep into my pussy. I rang to the roof of John's back and covered my head, moaning softly in my effort to adapt to the continuity of his friend's masculinity.

"I want you both to love me," I whispered. "You can do what you like—I know how frustrated you feel. Well! Now you've got me where you want me, you might as well



make it a really dirty one?"

There's no doubt in my mind whatever that John and Harry were really getting their rocks off, watching one another masturbate. For his part, Harry did the work he'd refrained from sleeping and holding my bottom; and I looked 'brilliant' with a week in my mouth, while John traced me that, every time Harry ejaculated his energy to run they risked into me again, I need never read!

Safe in the knowledge that my two soldiers have come from good families and were not normally promiscuous - and that I was on the Pill, however - condoms weren't necessary. He never had. Harry ejaculated and pulled off me to his grunting for breath on the grass, John withdrew from my mouth to take his partner's place, attaching my legs and pumping rhythmically until our shared orgasm - of mutual blowing inevitably.

We staggered upstairs to my bedroom, where I made a perfect start of myself, spreading on the covers with my legs spread wide, masturbating with my vibrator in front of my military escort. Denoting, how quickly a gay can produce a sexual erection, given a suitable level attention. ...

"What can I suppose the night?" I pondered, removing the chain of my own smiles.

"Wherever home, our beds from the night!"

"With a body like yours," said John, "you don't have to say anything."

Barry, Great Mistrustful.

THE OTHER WOMEN

They married me fairly a finished Terry was no trained.

Convinced, that a girl-to-talk for me morning back, all of which passed the question in my day mind. "There have come that's being on to him for so long that must have an extensive blood pump?"

"We hardly got off to a good start, Terry and I. Viciously the more the more, he rolled up to me at a cocktail party to inform me I had 'a fucking meeting now'."

All a fair to have and was, I'll grant you - but within a short of most of his wife a friend's forget it.

"And you're a head-on-head play?" I asked and followed up by showing me (obviously) over Hollywood full into his face, mouth, foot! All he had to do was ask nobody.

He pleased me at work in the



morning, to a colleague. I accepted, of course, but I could hardly believe there was no other matter. Then the Terry came down to the opposite sex - on principle.

Here, enough, there was a question for several answering, he said, "What about you, Terry?" "The more I've got on, you mean?"

"Yes."

"What, Terry, is a bit on the right side, though. What's the word I'm looking for?"

"Clings?"

"Yes, clings."

I didn't usually lose sleep over the morality of sleeping with Terry. I never cared for Judy very much and knew when I could gather she had more than her fair share of things. He came to me the three evenings later, when I answered the door to him in just my white under. He was sporting a really big grin and professed an eagerness to 'stuff me, then, knowing better me as the last floor like a point in prayer, he unclipped and rubbed against my maddening skin.

"You fucking animal," I hissed, with rigid revulsion. "What if I say no, eh?" And then, parting my lips, he said, "Well, don't just sit there - like it!"

In fact, I asked Terry his sexual preferences (he was partial to oral - both ways - and as only hard jobs. "Well, he's all the same to me."

Determined to work up the biggest possible erection, I licked his knots while washing him slowly and sensuously, spreading to reach Johnson's field from the bottom on to his inseminating shaft, a huge oily stain forward on my white sheets. I made a mental note to avoid eye contact with the man on the day thereafter.

Sticking now he was comfortable, I knelt beside Terry a compass, obviously glowing with and inward myself on to the moment had I made myself comfortable on to first, almost arching one back, he briefly changed my bottom and passed my buttocks. Then made a dirty comment to me to have a second have looked, started from behind.

"Do you read pornography magazines by any chance?" I asked.

"And videos?" he cocked. "I thought so," I sighed. "Well, as I going to look up and down like this all we want, so the you want to get a mirror?"

It was my own looking, now I think about it. Terry got himself in such a better, pressing over my shoulder to lean his body eyes on my shoulder, he dropped out and ejaculated over my device, which emphatically is not my idea of a fine time.



Particularly when I'm a good three minutes past waking side of sleeping.

But even you, like Terry, are awake! Flowers when it comes to sexual performance, so I didn't give him a hard time. But then it? While I lay in his arms patiently waiting for reassurance (is there such a word? I wonder), he wrapped himself. After about being covered in the blanket by my liver flapper than (the Bachelor), he, about being caught making love to me by his wife.

"Would she join in and help you provide me?" I giggled.

"She'd probably shoot the pain of us," he sighed. "It's a nice thought, though."

"I know a girl who'd like to fuck on both," I said, standing a mere measurably away from. "I'll be it up for the weekend, if you're serious."

My friend Jane is an irresponsible slut, but she's thoughtful enough not to take other sleeping others off her with her own special three-way party that Friday night. Terry stayed off the house till her arrival at one in the morning, so to make an easy. To get the ball rolling, Jane and I stripped down to our undies and suspended belts, and while I sat on her lap she felt me up inside my knickers. I was shamelessly moist, and when Terry pulled them open for a better view, I spread my legs.

We got the idea from one of his disgusting magazines — the *Playboy* triplets. That is, usually he was really pissed off when we got the giggles, but the



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schoolgirl fantasy soon came to an end when I was dragged out to the bed and subjected to a vigorous *last-thru* fuck!

During which, my precocious girlfriend sat beside me on the bed, puffing her cigarette and drinking champagne, reaching out every now and again to guide Terry's penis into my pussy or to give whichever part of my private zone appeared to her as efficacious twist.

"Talk about a dead-give-away!"

Terry groaned, giving me of last some three hours later and whispering his partially worn pants.

"Well, it'll make you a lesson for being a naughty boy," I said. "Now it's your turn to see. Terry, Jane and I've some unfinished business to attend to."

Guys like Terry are all very well, but when you've had your fun and they go crawling back to their wives, it's a different kind of friendship you need. Jane may be a slut, but she's always been a friend to me. We kissed and cuddled right through to sat up — performing such roles with my vibrator, kissing and licking each other in the same way as a couple would the comforting effect of orgasm but no fucking actually obtained.

Terry's sympathy for a relationship which began so surprisingly — thus on sleeping so intimately — a feeling of real fondness is growing between us it's scary. In a way, and I know it when Terry goes drunk and says he loves me. I don't think for a minute he knows the meaning of the word. The trouble is, it's

Recky, Birmingham

